



THE POETS' MAGAZINE.

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THE MONTHS.

[*A hitherto Unpublished Poem, from the Papers of LEIGH HUNT
in the possession of MR. TOWNSHEND MAYER.*]

By B. W. PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL.)

COME forth, ye children of the year!—Thou first,
Pale *Januarius*, in dull age begot
By hoar December when his blood ran cold,—
Thou (born with stainless flowers on thy young breast,
Ice-fetter'd snow-drops), hast thy cradle rocked
By Boreas, till more mild the nursing wind
Bring *February*, thy sister, later born;—
They come,—and pass; leaving the riotous *March*
Heir unto storms, amidst whose awful cries
Sweet *Spring*, scarce venturing from her earth retreat,
Sighs forth her violet breath, and straight retires;
Then glittering *April* comes with green bright hair,
A Naiad of the meadows, crowned and fed
With garlands of the primrose, modest flower,

Enticed into short life on sunny banks ;
And *May*, the maiden, (with her fragrant lap
Filled up with Iris hues)—the airiest nymph
That ever danced along the flowery times ;
And *June* (for whom she dies) her bridegroom strong,
Who clasps her in his wanton burning arms,
And in her death rejoiceth : then doth reign
Through all the scorching noons his *Julian* son
Who ripens the red rose, and clothes the boughs
With wealth which was Pomona's. Following him,
And like a Roman matron in mid-age,
Proud *August* moveth with her starry train ;
Near whom lies Ceres, who the live-long day
Reposeth, till *September's* warmest breath
Turns her green wreath to gold, and so she dies.
And then loud winds awake ; and earth, long dumb,
Shouts back to the sounding storm ; while hoarse with wrath
Starts forth *October*, whose wild anger fades
In showers, when dusk *November*, vapour hid,
Comes mourning, for the shrinking year's decay :
And yet she liveth, while *December* fires
Burn bright, and holly boughs keep Christmas gay,
And frosts are crackling : at last, palsy struck,
Winter enshrouds her aged trunk with white,
And Time flies onward, and the faithless Hours,
Go carolling to meet another year ;
And so each dies, forgotten !

B. W. Procter.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PART II.

THE various works by the Poet Laureate which have succeeded to the miscellaneous poems published in 1842, are fresh in the public recollection. In 1847 appeared *The Princess*, one of the most graceful productions he has given to the world, and containing embedded within it some of his choicest lyrics. Everyone is acquainted with the "Sweet girl-graduates with the golden hair," and with their college scheme, in unfolding which Tennyson embodies high moral lessons. The teaching of the whole respecting woman's true mission is well wrought out, and the Princess Ida is at length brought to confess that the duties of men and women lie in separate grooves, and that the softer sex are better employed earning the epithet of Scott, "Ministering angels," than in devoting their energies to the quadrature of the circle and other abstruse problems and learned recreations. In this poem is to be met with one of the finest single passages in Tennyson, viz., the comparison which he institutes between the diverse natures of the two sexes. The circumstance which gave rise to his next work, *In Memoriam*, published in 1850, are matter of notoriety. Tennyson had a bosom friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the distinguished historian, and young Hallam, who was to have married the poet's sister, died in 1833. From this year forward Tennyson gave himself up to his great grief for the loss of his friend. He began to write a series of poems in memory of him, of a sombre and yet exquisite character. M. Taine is wholly unjust in his criticism of this poem. The well-known French critic describes Tennyson in terms which will find little echo on this side the channel. "He goes into mourning; but, like a correct gentleman, with brand new gloves; wipes away his tears with a cambric handkerchief, and displays throughout the religious service which ends the ceremony, all the compunction of a respectful and well-trained layman." If there is one remark we should make respecting *In Memoriam*, it is this, that so far from its sorrow being formal and constrained, it is rather painful from its depth and intensity. The one poetic thought which forms the string upon which the one hundred

and twenty-nine pearls or lyrics are strung is not original with Tennyson, but it may be doubted whether as an elegiac poem it has been surpassed even by Milton's "Lycidas" and Shelley's "Adonais." The poet contrives to make all nature and all humanity share his grief, an end not to be accomplished by manufactured sorrow or tears drawn at will.

In 1855 *Maud and other Poems* was published, and this was succeeded in 1859 by *The Idylls of the King*, which, taken altogether, and including the other Arthurian poems which have since followed it, must be pronounced the greatest of Tennyson's works. It is in this series of legends that the poet's genius has found its fullest expression. The poems, in their entirety, form a grand fabric upon which the eye is never tired of gazing. They are beautiful alike in form and substance. It is not the least among the Poet Laureate's triumphs to infuse life and vigour into the romance of past ages, and to enthrall us by his train of noble creations, Arthur, Elaine, Enid, Lancelot, Guinevere, and others. The Court at Caerleon, where assembled the bravest knights ever distinguished in chivalry, becomes as real to us as the Court of St. James's. Scene after scene of vivid reality is presented to us—first, of tenderness as with Elaine, and anon of pathos, as that between Arthur and the guilty Queen Guinevere. The Saxon, and the blank verse of these poems are alike perfect. Belonging to them are "The Holy Grail," and "Gareth and Lynette," &c. The last work published by Tennyson was in the dramatic form, but in spite of its numerous beauties and scattered passages of lofty poetry, *Queen Mary*, cannot be regarded by its writer's friends as a genuine success in dramatic art.

How has Tennyson gained and retained his hold on the public ear? This question brings us to an examination of the distinctive qualities of his genius. These are not of the dramatic and psychological order as exemplified in his equal in the divine art, Robert Browning. Nor is his intellect so strong and subtle. Tennyson attracted first by his musical gift, which has rarely been equalled. Whatever may be said as to the dash and power of his lyrical effusions, no poet has eclipsed him in sweetness of cadence. If others may be said to exhibit music in their poetry, then Tennyson may be described as music itself. I will quote one song out of *The*

Princess, a poem which abounds in these dainty lyrics, and any one who will take the trouble to read these stanzas aloud, even with the most defective delivery, will at once perceive what melody is embedded in their simple expressions :—

The splendour falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story ;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle ; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
O sweetly far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, or field, or river :
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Yet this faculty of music, which was apparent in his earliest poems, was not sufficient to ensure the fame of Tennyson. The same writer had long ago penned “The Lady of Shalott,” “St. Agnes’ Eve,” and a hundred other things fully equal to these. All his fineness and delicacy of rhythm was owing to Tennyson pursuing Poetry as a fine art. It was a thing not to be written in gigantic outbursts, as with Byron, but to be studied, and the closest attention paid to the minutest details. In fact, though it may savour of paradox, Tennyson’s greatness lies in his minuteness. Whatever work we take up we discover the same laborious art pursued. It is Pope *plus* Keats. We have not only the dreamer, the ideal Poet, but the artificer to make the forms of his various creations beautiful. How charming are the lyrics in that least meritorious work *Maud!* They combine all the merit of spontaneity with all the effects of the most laborious polish. To those even who object that his earlier poems are lacking in defi-

niteness of purpose and aim, we may well commend them for their richness of imagery and flowing diction. Browning gives us poetic gems; but compared with the workmanship of Tennyson, they are "barbaric pearls and gold." The former has more grasp of thought, more intellectuality, and has perhaps a stronger poetic vision, but the latter excels him in all the minor beauties which give to lyrical poetry its principal charm. There is about his lyrics a luxury of beauty and a soothing dreamy languor which are absent in the more robust songs. To read the songs of Tennyson beneath the grateful shelter of some umbrageous tree in summer, with the waters rippling at our feet, is almost to touch the ideal state of being.

The assured position of Tennyson is further to be accounted for by the fact that he is a representative poet. When first he began to write he contented himself with portraits in mosaic, and poems recalling the days of the Arabian nights; but with these, however beautiful and worthy of admiration, it was not to be expected that he could long remain satisfied. Accordingly, in later years he has shown that, in his solitude in the Isle of Wight, he has not been insensible to the intellectual and religious struggles going forward in the world. More than any other poet he has woven into the warp of his verse those feelings which have agitated humanity during the past twenty years. This is observable in many poems, but especially in *In Memoriam*. In this work, while professedly mourning for his friend, he has made himself the mouthpiece of religious doubters and inquirers. Appreciated by the bulk of the community, clerical teachers of all sects and creeds have also confessed their indebtedness to its pages. The poet craves for light, and though he does not attain to fulness of vision, he yet affords to others luminous glimpses along the dark valley of life. Whilst in a certain aspect one of the most sceptical of books, in another it is one of the most religious which have ever been written. If it be objected that Tennyson in *In Memoriam* stands upon the housetops, and calls upon all people to come and witness the intensity of his grief, it is but bare justice to admit in addition that there are more helpful thoughts, and more gleams of light within its covers than are to be met with in any other similar poem of modern times. It is a book intended to effect the junction

and reconciliation of man with his Creator, and to show mankind how to transmute loss into immortal gain, and Death into Immortality. The world surely is better for such strains as that commencing, "Ring out wild bells to the wild sky," the opening prayer of the poem, "Strong Son of God, Immortal Love," and this fifty-third lyric :—

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;
 That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
 That not one life shall be destroyed,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile complete ;
 That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
 That not a moth with vain desire
 Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
 Or but subserves another's gain.
 Behold we know not anything ;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last—far off—at last, to all,
 And every winter turn to spring.
 So runs my dream : but what am I ?
 An infant crying in the night :
 An infant crying for the light :
 And with no language but a cry.

These utterances are a fuller development of the question touched upon in "The Two Voices." As we have indicated, the teaching of *In Memoriam* is not always patent upon the surface, but the careful student will be astonished at the wealth the poem contains, both in a poetic and religious sense, if he will but diligently dig for the hidden treasure.

Yet notwithstanding that Tennyson is, perhaps, more than any other writer of his time, a representative poet, he bears evidences about him of the period of the Renaissance. He takes us back to the ages of legendary lore. He alternates the production of "Locksley Hall," with its contemporary thought and life, with poems that might have been written in the ages of chivalry by the

bards then existing. So strong, indeed, has the spirit of the early ages been upon him, that he has produced the only work worthy of being called an epic for nearly two centuries. If he is not imposing like Shakespeare and Goethe, he is still grand and majestic in those Idylls which treat of the Court of King Arthur. Taken altogether, as we have already said, the Idylls form the most durable monument of the poet's career. They alone have provided against the extinction of his fame when many of his minor lyrics and even lengthier poems may have been forgotten. For when the Poet Laureate shall have passed away—and may that day be far distant!—there is much of his work which we can scarcely expect to survive. There will probably come an age, when, not having the glamour of his name before it, and possessing its new singers, and its new aspirations and ideas, the old order will change and give place to new. There may be a future generation rendered illustrious by another Shakespeare, or, to descend somewhat from that lofty expectation, there may dawn a period which will care little for deft workmanship and the calm labour of the poets of solitude—and in such an age a tempestuous soul like Byron's may again arise, with all that poet's fervour and genius, but more sincerity and faith. Yet, whenever this age comes, or whether it comes or not, the fame of Alfred Tennyson is durable, as we have said, if he had written nothing but the *Idylls of the King*. These have lifted him into the rank of all but the greatest poets.

In purity and moral force, again, Tennyson shines conspicuous amongst his brethren. He is sensuous without being voluptuous. In no single poem of his are there lines which offend our sensibility in the slightest degree, whilst most of them are remarkable for elevation of tone. He knows but one apotheosis—the apotheosis of virtue. Begin with the first touches of his lyre and progress to the fullest chords, and the music he has emitted has been in praise of morality, justice, truth, and all the nobler sentiments:—

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Let knowledge grow to more and more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster.

Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

And so on, through almost every page of his works. The grandeur of the moral emotion which permeates the poet, however, culminates in the Idyll "Guinevere." The scene between the Queen and Arthur almost awes us by its moral fervour. Nothing more noble and dignified, nothing more calculated to lift up the standard of virtue for the world's emulation, has been penned in modern times. Take the passage where the King addresses Guinevere, and do we not instinctively feel that Arthur is as kingly by his virtue as by his deeds of chivalry? He has not come to revile or to curse Guinevere, but to pity her, and this sublime pity crushes her very soul. Thus he addresses her:—

Lo ! I forgive thee, as eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I love ?
O golden hair, with which I used to play
Not knowing ! O imperial-moulded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore,
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee—
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,
But Lancelot's : nay, they never were the King's.
I cannot take thy hand ; that too is flesh,
And in the flesh thou hast sinned ; and mine own flesh
Here looking down on thine polluted, cries,
" I loathe thee ; " yet not less, O Guinevere,
For I was ever virgin save for thee,
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure,
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope.

There is more than the artist at work here. There is the great poet labouring in those immortal grooves consecrated by the mighty singers from Homer downwards. On this occasion, at any rate, lacking as Tennyson is in the highest dramatic power, there is the projection out of self which chiefly distinguishes the dramatic poet. It is Arthur who speaks; we catch his broken utterances, we perceive his face lined with the cruel pains of a stupendous grief; we perceive his hands waving over the prostrate form of the Queen, and hear his departure to mingle in the fray with the enemy, and to fight his last battle. The whole Idyll is a remarkable triumph of realism.

Tennyson, then, has been happy in a gradual advance in his art. By laborious stages he has reached an acknowledged perfection in metrical excellence. Some poets have begun with magnificent promise, but for varying reasons have never passed beyond indications of the character and quality of their genius. Shelley, who is more than the Poet Laureate's equal in many respects, was drowned when he had reached but little more than half his age. Keats, had he lived, would, I feel convinced, have attained a position second to no poet of this century. These, and many others, were unfortunate in their lives. Tennyson, happily for the world, has been able to pass from stage to stage of development, with renewed admiration at his gifts, and delighted surprise, on the part of his readers. He has carried into his art that mastery of detail which some men scorn in other walks of life, but which, so far from detracting from his merits, adds to his greatness and testifies to his conscientiousness. The lyric of three stanzas demands and receives from him the same careful attention and study that he bestows upon the *Idylls of the King*. These stages through which he has passed have been accompanied by larger perceptions and acuter observations. His study of verbal excellence has not precluded him from devotion to Nature. In both his studies have gone hand in hand; and in *In Memoriam* will be found the two combined in the fullest and most comprehensive manner. Within the compass of a dozen lines, and in words so few that none of them can be spared, this poet presents us with landscapes, drawn in all their minuteness, and with their individual features clear and distinct. While

knowing something of the life of men, he is still more profoundly intimate with the life of nature.

Within these limits it has been impossible to touch upon all the excellences of Alfred Tennyson. I have only ventured to suggest a few of the phases in which his genius has moved me. When he first began to sing there was a dearth of lofty poetry—if we except that of Wordsworth—but it soon became evident that here was no echo of any other poet. He stands, so far as his artistic elaboration is concerned, unique. He has deeply drank of the wine of his predecessors, but the vintage he gathers for us is his own. The world had never, under any other name, heard his voice before; nor is it likely to hear precisely the same voice again. He belongs to our own time; he is the natural product of it; and amongst the men of genius who have adorned the age of Queen Victoria, there are few who are more worthily enshrined in the affections of the English people than Alfred Tennyson.

GEORGE BARNETT SMITH.

VESPER-TIDE.

I HEAR the roar of the World,
As I sit alone with my treasures—
Rent plumes, torn banners unfurled;
While the years, brimming cups of pleasures,
Offer me empty measures.

Roar then, old greybeard World!
Rave on in your marts afar;
But leave me my gold that is hurled
From the breast of yon virgin star,
In a seraphim-woven bar.

'Tis but little that thou canst give;
When the breath of the far Sublime
Is moulding the life we live:
From the clods of the age and clime.
Can you bear me back to the time

When you found me, O robber-world,
 Dream-drowned in poesy,
 Mid the dew on the flowers empearl'd,
 That bordered the sapphire sea—
 Can you bring it all back to me?

With those beautiful visions of youth,
 High hopes for the after years,
 With their glimpse of the Love and the Truth
 Beaming soft through the early tears,
 Which Memory only endears.

Ah, back come the long-lost hours !
 With the songs they used to sing,
 Of this weak, wild life of ours,
 When life was a May-born thing,
 With the down unsoled on its wing.

Wild strains of Beauty and Love,
 Dream-songs of a destiny
 Of love, in a world above,
 And love, in the earth-life, nigh.
 Alas ! that love is a lie,

And a lure for the soul of me—
 Hereafter ! Ah, who shall say ?
 For Faith's, as the winds are, free,
 And He hath gone farther away.
 All dark !—not a gleam of the day.

Then rave, you old greybeard World !
 Roar on in your marts afar !
 So you leave me my gold that is hurl'd
 From the breast of the virgin star,
 In a seraphim-woven bar.

ALFRED THOMPSON.

THE BLIND SCULPTOR.

At fair Versailles, within the marbled walls
 Of Trianon, where France—when she hath lull
 Of musket-music—lists, while Art recalls
 Each soul to its lost home—the Beautiful ;
 May'st see a dreamer's fancy, wrought in stone,
 Of Love ; who sits 'mid scattered blossomings
 Of broken flowers : all pensively, alone,
 Revolving memories of happier things.

A master-piece of beauty ! Genius dwells
 In every curve and line ; each gentle touch
 Is perfect harmony ; each feature tells
 How much, ah yes ! how over, over much
 He worshipped, loved as only great souls can,
 His high Art-Goddess, beautiful, divine ;
 While all the holiest in his heart of man,
 Outwell'd in adoration at her shrine.

He lived for Beauty, though the artist-life
 Inherits not the beautiful alone ;
 But pitifully pitiless world-strife,
 Cold, hard, and heartless as his chisell'd stone.
 Meanwhile the vision grew ; till, perfected,
 It dawned on all—a marvel of delight.
 Then envious fates heaped fire upon his head,
 And wrapped the sculptor in eternal night.

And thus it came, that oft, amid the throng
 Who whispered gallery-words of critic-praise,
 A blind old man was gently led along,
 To, touching, trace the work of happier days.
 (Ah, Poet, Painter, Dreamer, ever so
 Thou shalt not win the crown without the thorn—
 The fire of the Immortals, here below,
 Was never yet without the burning borne !)
 Thus, and thus only ; no fair after birth ;
 The glory may not stream through sightless eyes.
 This once, a dream is realized on earth,
 Where fancies falter and the Dreamland dies,

Never to be again ; through all the years,
 To seek no loftier, know no meaner height.
 Ah, happy Lorta ! happier for the tears
 Of blind eyes dwelling on the Infinite.

ALFRED THOMPSON.

A REVERIE.

WATCHING the waves as they chanted "Forever,"
 This was a parable read on the shore,
 Energy spent in an earnest endeavour,
 Failure behind, but a fortune before—
 Buoyant with hope, and the foam of ambition
 Tracing their course from the midst of the sea,—
 Here was high promise at once that their mission
 A grand one should be !

Swayed by a passionate impulse to master—
 Each one his fellow, uncurbed by restraint,
 Growing with conquest more towering and vaster,
 Trampling down those that were weary and faint ;
 Nothing to thwart them, their pathway unbounded,
 Sacrificed seemed the whole earth to their will,
 Fain would sweet peace when their clamour resounded
 Have whispered "Be still."

And what a character in their confusion !
 Noble the purpose, though lawless the strife ;
 Yet was I charmed by a mirage-delusion,
 Bright as the prospects that tempt us in life ;
 All that great army, with zeal undiminished,
 Clapping their hands in the light of the sun,
 Swept to the shingle—the struggle was finished,
 The victory won !

Oh, there was truth in the sad contemplation,
 Truth in the wearisome task of the surge,
 Vanity's triumph, the moment's elation
 Highest, most needless, on ruin's dark verge ;

Only one step, and the cup would be tasted,
 Thirsted for, sweet would the draught be at length,—
 Bitter as gall, for calamity wasted
 A lifetime of strength.

Gather the spray drops to utter the story,
 Take the frail relics, they only remain ;
 Where was the flood, leaping onward to glory ?
 Turned with a sigh to its sources again :
 Spray and foam-bubbles that led the wild onset,
 Flaunting with pride in the lustre of noon,
 Now on the beach, in the soft light of sun-set,
 Lay “shattered and strewn.”

Like some poor wanderers, humbly returning
 After life’s sea of temptation is crost,
 Watching the far away glories, and yearning
 For the lost home by their waywardness lost,
 Meeting the glances of welcome, that waken
 Echoes of beauty still sleeping within,
 Welcome home, wanderers ! Love has forsaken
 The thraldom of sin.

WALTER F. TUPPER.

IANTHE.

BY LEONARD LLOYD.

SCENE III.—*The mouth of a cavern in the Alps.—Time, Mid-night. CUTHBERT and MAGICIAN.*

MAGICIAN. Are you prepared, as I enjoined, with fasts,
 And many vigils ? Come you here to-night
 With heart as fearless as the flashing foam
 Which leaps my native mountains, and with mind
 Bent to one high resolve ? Give me your hand !—
 It trembles not.

CUTHBERT.

I am determined still
 To test your powers unto their utmost verge.
 And if in doing this or you, or I,
 Or both should pause upon a precipice
 Which tempts unto perdition, we must stand
 Or fall according to our strength: or else
 If we should light upon a wealth of truth,
 Which men have missed for lack of searching, then
 The secret is your own, and you can keep
 Or sell it as you list.—Here is the gold
 I promised; and if you can bring again
 The woman I have loved and injured, so
 That I may feast mine eyes upon her face,
 Then treble that vast sum your greedy hands
 Clutch as if 'twere a passport to the realms
 Within the pearly portaled Paradise,
 Where God—

MAGICIAN.

Hold! are you mad, to breathe that name
 Here at the gates of hell? The very sound
 Hath power to shake these mountains, which have mocked
 At decades of decadence, to their depths;
 And scare the haunting spirits, so that none
 Can work them to their will.—Mortal! take care
 To keep all sacred names, but chiefly that,
 Close locked within your lips awhile; for here
 One, Satan reigns supreme, and he will brook
 No rivals in his realms.

CUTHBERT.

Ay—it is well—
 I will remember your wise words; and now
 Would learn the means and method you propose
 For our procedure?

MAGICIAN.

You must know
 That half the cycle of a century
 I've lived among these mountains, hermit-wise,
 Seeking forbidden lore.—In every age
 Of this world's history there hath been born,
 Sometime, somewhere, a being sensitive

Beyond his fellows: like a harp high-strung,
 The fibres of his finer nature stretch
 And yearn toward the spirit mysteries:
 Till with the years these yearnings magnify.—
 As God-loosed rain, which at the first but falls
 In tiny trembling drops, but bolder grown
 A swollen torrent sweeping all before
 It rushes worldwards, so he hungers on,
 Gathering knowledge, and the conscious strength
 That grows with all he gains; thinking (alas!
 Poor dreamer!) that the world is as a girl
 Who may be wooed and won with lovers' arts,
 Soft speeches and fair flattery.—

Ay laugh!

You well may laugh to think there have been fools
 Who sought to win the hard heart of the world,
 And thought it worth the winning, and the woe
 Which is fair Wisdom's first-born; poured their wealth
 Of minstrelsy (for such have ever striven
 With song as their chief weapon) at her feet,
 And fawned upon her heedlessly, nor marked
 The mocking smile upon the dainty lips,
 The curling coral lips, till she hath turned
 And told them to their face that she is false.

CUTHBERT. Men's hearts are like poor sailors out at sea
 Upon a sinking raft, when every wave
 Loosens another plank, until at last
 But one remains to which they madly cling
 For weary hours; then mightier than the rest
 Comes one bold billow and with cruel hand
 Snatches it from them, so they sink, or swim
 Till tardy succour come. And I have seen
 Some men outlive the wreck of every hope,
 And some who have endured to see their kin,
 Their nearest friends expire, and then have fall'n
 Beneath the last blow, when the best beloved
 Proved false or died. In this hard world more men,

Ay! and more women, die of broken hearts
 Than of aught else beside; for gnawing grief
 Is death's most firm ally—it is his hand
 That snatches from our hearth the fairest flower
 Of the whole household, that will sometime slay
 The strongest and the bravest; cautiously
 He twines about their hearts his cruel cords,
 Slowly but surely, till perforce they break.
 To me it is a mighty mystery,
 This misery which eats away men's lives.

MAGICIAN. The earth is heaped with mysteries, as heaven
 Is strewn with sun-lit stars, which in themselves
 Are mysteries. We are all mysteries,
 Shapen in mystery, our path through life
 A maze of mysteries, and then comes Death,
 The crowning mystery, and leads the way
 From darkness to the dawning. This same Death,
 Whom men call King of Terrors, and upbraid
 As the chief cause of pain, from whom they fly
 (Like timid deer, at sound of hunting horn)
 When but the echo of his following falls
 Upon the strainéd hearing—this same Death
 Is but a princely suitor come to claim
 His beautiful betrothed, his mortal bride;
 And when he, stooping, takes her in his arms,
 As tenderly as a young bridegroom may
 The maiden that was made his own at morn,
 And presses kisses on the quivering lips,
 She, swooning with such unsuspected bliss,
 Is passive borne from this her maiden home
 To the rich palace of her matronhood,
 Where Peace and Plenty, purest handmaids wait,
 And Love is aye her lord.

CUTHBERT.

Alas! we know

That we are debtors all of us to Death,
 Debtors with nought to pay; and this it is

That makes the mightiest in his presence pale,
Nor dare to look the foeman in the face
Unflinchingly.

MAGICIAN. Foeman didst say? nay—friend
The truest and the tenderest, if men
Would grasp the proffered hand, the guiding hand
Which leads to liberty with light of truth.
Here, in these haunts where darkness holds a court
Of shapeless shadows, here where breezes moan
In fitful gusts of mournful melody
The dirge of the departed, here at eve
(It was in winter time—I mind me well
That it was winter, for the air was chill,
But chillier was the heart which scarcely beat
In ever lessening pulses in my breast)
Upon an eve, I say, a winter eve,
When the whole land was lapped in luxury
Of sunless silence, I shook hands with Death.
Nay! start not—’twas a shapely hand I held,
A shapely hand that stealthy from my touch
Stole slyly to the pulses of my heart
And clutched with its cold fingers—nay but these
Are solemn, sacred secrets, while as yet
You are a novice in our artifice;
And the red blood hath fled your tell-tale cheeks,
As stars will flee the burning chariot wheels
Of Sol the crownéd conqueror; or as sleep
At touch of fair Aurora on the lids
Wet with the joyful tears we shed in dreams
Of other day delights, and loves long dead
Yet unforgotten; or as error flies
The heralder of hurricanes of truth.
Wilt have the gold again? and leave the search
For this poor maid, who as a meteor flashed
When the fair firmament of life was black,
And flaming for an instant passed for aye,
Leaving a double darkness deep as death?

CUTHBERT. The moon is making merry in her tent
 Of many folded cloudlets, while the Night
 Is nearing fast the verge whence looking down
 (As from some craggy height a mountain maid)
 Dizzy with terror she will fall, and dash
 Her starry crown to fragments. It is time
 These wonders were unfolded.—Lead the way!
 I am no craven-hearted churl who tells
 The glories of the wars, but brings no scars
 With truer tales as teachers. On, I say!
 And be it to hell's bounds I'll follow thee.

(*They enter the cavern, which is in total darkness.—The MAGICIAN guiding CUTHBERT with his voice.*).

MAGICIAN. Fearest thou?
 The path is narrow, hollowed by a hand
 In the vast mountain's womb—a gaping grave
 For guilt and glory. Should you turn or stay
 A moment we are lost.

CUTHBERT. On! on! I come.
 (A pause).

MAGICIAN. No ray of light, save from the smouldering fires
 Which sleep within the mountain's heart, hath lit
 This blackness through the ages; and no foot
 Of mortal man, before mine own, hath dared
 To venture through its depths. Keep a good heart,
 And follow closely.

(Another pause).

CUTHBERT. Ah! I hear strange sounds
 As of fast flying feet, and gasping groans
 As of some being in distress.

MAGICIAN. Ay, there are many millions in distress,
 Here and elsewhere.

CUTHBERT. How far wouldest have me come?

MAGICIAN. Another moment and we reach the spot
 Where spirits may be summoned. So—your hand.
 This is a spacious hall, fashioned by Him

Who framed the outer world, and lies beneath
 The summit of the mountain. Lean you there—
 Against that pillar—and your eyes shall see
 The form for which they hunger.

(*Incantation*).

Spirit of this mortal's love !
 Whether couched in bliss above,
 Whether held in pangs below,
 Fed by fires, consuming slow,
 Or wherere thy presence be,
 In bondage or at liberty,
 By the Power that sanctions me,
 By the Lord who reigneth here,
 To my summoning appear !

(*A light appears at the further end of the hall, and growing gradually, discovers the spirit of Mabel standing in the further entrance*).

CUTHBERT. It is my love ! my Mabel—I will go
 And take her to these arms again !

MAGICIAN (*holding him*). Madman !

Beware.—A single step may plunge your soul
 Black with its countless sins, impenitent,
 Beyond the reach of penitence.—Yet speak !
 The vision may perchance reply to thee.

CUTHBERT. Mabel ! my love—my lost love—is the sin,
My sin forgiven you ? or is your soul
 Chained for its expiation ?—Shall *I* come
 And share the sorrow, softened by the bliss,
 The boundless bliss of meeting ? Is there aught
 That I can suffer which shall earn release
 From Powers which have the power to bring you here
 At this man's bidding ?

MABEL. Cuthbert—Ianthe.

CUTHBERT. Nay, Mabel !—by the happy hours we passed,
 The brief bold hours of sunshine that is shed
 But once upon life's pathway ; by the storms

Which swift succeeded, and the winter time
 That I have lived since widowed of your love;
 By the great hope I have of holding you
 One day within these arms, pain purified
 From taint of sin and clinging sense of shame,
 The burning sense that slew you; by all this,
 And these, and everything that earth or heaven
 Holds as most sacred do I swear to thee
 That I have never wavered from my love,
 My first fond love one instant. That I sinned
 In lingering with Ianthe is most true,
 Sinned against her not thee.—Had not her eyes
 Been mirrors of thine own; her face, her form,
 Her features so like thine that nought but love
 Could tell the difference; had her flaxen hair
 Been any shade of colour save the one
 That I had praised untiringly; her voice
 The very echo of the thrilling tones
 Which spoke my name e'en now, so like that oft
 I with closed eyes have listened till I thought
 It was *your* voice I listed; had she been
 Less pure than you were e'er my passion made
 You as you now are—had not these things been
 I should not thus have lingered, thus have sinned,
 Nor thought upon Ianthe.—Mabel! love!
 Smile on me once again, and when the morn
 Throws wide the Paradisal gates, and floods
 The world with showers of sunshine, I will go
 And seeking her in her far mountain home,
 Will say farewell for ever.

Echo.
 For ever.

Say farewell

MABEL. Farewell—we yet shall meet—forgiven.

CUTHBERT. Going so soon! with not a word of love?
 Mabel you shall not leave me!—by the God—

(*Thunder*).

MAGICIAN. Stand back! for she is gone—nor have I power
To bid her stay.

CUTHBERT. Then will I follow her!

Nay—at your peril hold me not old man!
I care not for your yawning pit of death!
I care not for your hell and hosts of fiends!
I care not for your thunder and your threats,
Old liar, drunk with gold!—hands off, I say!
For I *will* follow though high God himself
Stand in the path to slay me!

(*Thunder and flashes of fire—the mountain shakes.—CUTHBERT rushing forward, falls to the earth in a swoon*).

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

You are sweet like the scent of a flower
Long dried, or a leaf that has withered and fallen from its
home in the air;
Our heart is half sad to remember you now who were dear
for an hour;
We sigh, and we lay you by, and marvel we found you so fair,
O! our passions and loves of the days that were.

You are wayward as fire, and as fierce
As the foam-dashed hungering lips of the sea when the winds
are at war;
If you win not your way we are maddened, and chide the high
gods for our tears;
You are kings as the sun reigns king, seeming pure as the
eastern star,
O! our passions and loves of the days that are.

You are shadowy possible forms,
Half seen in a mist, and wanting in faith because of the gloom;
You are naught if the present be fair, but if barren, and
baffled with storms,
We seek you and ask you to tell us of you, but your lips are
dumb,
O!—our passions and loves of the days to come.

F. WYVILLE HOME.

MARLWOOD CHASE.

WHITE the flakes of snow were falling,
Adding purity and grace
To the quaint heraldic beauty
Of ancestral "Marlwood Chase."
Inside smiled the squire exultant,
Watch'd the firelight gleam and shine,
While old friends, and dear companions,
Pass'd the cup of rosy wine.

Crimson banners, blazoned richly,
Hung upon the panell'd wall,
Flutter'd o'er the long procession,
With the "Boar's head," through the hall.
Mullion'd windows shone like jewels,
Caught the yule log's ruddy glow;
Evergreens and ivy mingled,
Scarlet holly, mistletoe.

Outside one kept watch at Marlwood,
By the rays the moonlight shed,
One much loved, though sadly erring,
Who was mourn'd long since as dead.
Youngest born, his father's idol,
Tempted in far lands to roam,
Yet at length his soul grew weary,
And he sigh'd for "Home, sweet Home."

Plume-like, black, the fir trees swaying,
Pointed upwards to the sky!
As the weary wanderer drifted
Back to Marlwood Chase to die.
All grew hushed, the starry lustres
Faded, ere the break of day!
But he never rose to wander,
Never turn'd his step away.

When the carol singers chanted
God's sweet message far and wide.
Faithful servitors there found him,
At the dawn of Christmas tide.

Pale lips closed, the hands so quiet,
 Marble features set in death,
 But it seemed more like a slumber,
 Flicker'd out the panting breath.
 Knelt the Squire down, and trembled,
 As he kiss'd the wan bronz'd face ;
 Gazed upon the "dead" in silence,
 Who had run, and lost life's race.
 Much he sinned, yet much repented ;
 But the past was all forgiven,
 And the songs of joy which woke him
 Were the Christmas songs of Heaven.

G. M. MOUTRAY.

CHRISTMAS.

In the quaint old parlour sitting,
 With her sweet eyes full of tears,
 Sad she watch'd the dead forms flitting—
 Ghosts of other, happier years.
 Pictures, sculptures, looked down grimly,
 Though bedeck'd with holly red,
 As the light fell drear and dimly
 On the lower'd dark brown head.
 Christmas bells rang loud and gladly,
 Friends long parted met again,
 But their voices sounded sadly,
 Only woke the slumb'ring pain.
 Crisper falls the snow and crisper,
 Silver now the once brown head,
 Still she waits the angel's whisper,
 To arise and join the dead.
 Still she clasps her priz'd love token,
 And has taught us how to live ;
 Let us learn, although heartbroken,
 To forget and to forgive.

G. M. MOUTRAY.

ON A FADED ROSE.

SCORES of minor poets have written
‘Verses on a faded rose;’
Troubadours, with lute and gittern,
Cloaked Elizabethan beaux.

Yet a touch of poetry lingers
Fresh—as love is fresh—for me,
Round the rose which Laura’s fingers
Idly dropped upon my knee.

We, in the verandah sitting,
Unperceived amid the gloom,
Watched the pairs of dancers flitting
Up and down the lighted room.

So we sat, and I had spoken,
Very eloquent was I,
And the darkness, still unbroken,
Paused with me for her reply.

Suddenly a younger sister,
Burst upon us from within;
Here she was! mamma had missed her;
Lancers forming to begin.

Laura, with unruffled bearing,
Rose, without a word to me,
But the flower which she was wearing,
Lightly dropped upon my knee.

Shrivelled mummy, brown and musty,
Relic, kissed as oft as those
Which our fathers worshipped, dusty,
Dear, romantic, faded rose.

C. BLACK.

IN MEMORIAM.

MADAME CLARA DE CHATELAIN.

BRAVE fellow pilgrim to the unknown shrine,
 Towards which, through life's strange paths, we all are going,
 Mourn not, for lo! that destiny divine,
 Is reached by her for whom thy tears are flowing.

Mourn not for her whose powers, nobly wielded,
 Fought the good fight, and oft by heaven were blest ;
 Only the body to the soul hath yielded :
 The fight is over, she hath won her rest.

What though that rest may last for years unnumbered,
 We also shall enjoy such sleep profound ;
 'Twill seem but for one night that we have slumbered,
 'Twill seem but the next morning coming round.

Upraise the eyes from griefs and joys so fleeting,
 And as earth darkens hail the rising star !
 Forget the parting in the hoped for meeting,
 Think what we shall be—not on what we are.

WM. ALFRED GIBBS

MY MODEL.

OH baby face so soft and sweet !
 Oh mouth for kisses only meet !
 Oh violet eyes that trust their lover,
 Nor can the world's false heart discover !
 Oh proud shy head with curling gold,
 Like a saint's halo, aureoled !
 How shall I trace thy beauty pure,
 With blotting brush, or how allure
 Thy perfect lines on canvass cold ?
 Or how the mimic grace unfold
 That animates thy matchless whole,
 And speechless speaks from thy young soul ?

SILBER.

CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

THE prurient commentators who would garb the Graces, draw a veil over a statuesque Venus, banish Etty from public galleries, and condemn Blake to the Inferno of such decencies as over-virtuous minds can alone suggest, have not been content to leave Mr. Swinburne's works to the approval or contempt of that circle to which they have been addressed. Had he attempted to attain an apotheosis at the hands of babes and sucklings, or scattered spoon-meat for school maids, the stormlet of bubbles which has been showered around his head would have taken the form of an auriflam. Had he cramped his natural style, and perverted it to the adulation of existing institutions in monotonous semi-tones, he might have emulated the intensely respectable reputation of Mr. Martin Tupper. But obeying the dictates of a passionate and unrestrained nature, he has poured forth poems after poems which have been stamped with the clear impress of *poetry*, and which have provoked a pharisaical congratulation on the part of a turbulent sect of critics that they are not "as that publican."

The area of Mr. Swinburne's works resembles a garden dense with roses and redolent with soft perfumes. The eye scarce knows where to rest : the senses scarce know where to seek gratification. But one poem stands out boldly and prominently, and challenges even the hypercritical generalisms of Mr. Swinburne's detractors. When the miasms of meaningless objections have died away, "Atalanta in Calydon" will be singled out to take its place as a model for every future attempt of a similar character, as the most accurate replica of the grandeur and pomp, coupled with the mannerisms and quaint conceits, which characterised the Greek tragedy. The obstacles in the way of a perfect reduplication of style and manner were too plentiful and too potent to be completely overcome, but the story has been utilised and the chorus has been written in a manner which reproduces with strange vividness the glories and beauties of the ancient masters. The sombre and majestic story affords a fitting reflex and marvellous mirror of those legends upon which the Greek drama was based. Althœa, queen of Calydon, brought forth a son whom the saints prophesied should have great strength and fortune, so long as the brand which smouldered

in the fire at his birth was not utterly consumed. Thus he waxed mighty and brave. And Artemis, being wrath against the King of Calydon because he had not sacrificed unto her, sent a wild boar upon his lands, which she permitted her favourite, Atalanta, to slay. And Meleager having despatched it gave the spoil to the Arcadian huntress, whereat his mother's brethren, Toxeus and Plexippus, were enraged, for they said :—

Lo now,

Shall not the Arcadian shoot his lips at us,
Saying all we were despoiled by this one girl ?

And they would have rended the spoil from her—

Save that Meleager as a tame lion chafed,
Bore on them, broke them, and as fire cleaves wood,
So clove and drove them smitten in twain.

No passage is more replete with the rapturous despair that pervades the action of the drama, than the sorrowful lamentation of Atalanta when she discovers that the whole hope of her womanhood has been ruthlessly hurled away by her fearless fortitude and prowess. In the bitter abandonment of her grief she exclaims :—

I shall have no man's love
For ever, and no face of children born,
Or feeding lips upon me, or fastening eyes
For ever, nor being dead shall kings my sons
Mourn me and bury, and tears on daughters cheeks
Burn, but a cold and sacred life but strange,
But far from dances and the back blown torch,
Far off from flowers or any bed of man
Shall my life be for ever : me the snows
That face the first o' the morning, and cold hills,
Full of the land wind and sea travelling storms,
And many a wandering wing of noisy night,
That know the thunder and hear the thickening wolves.
Me the utmost pine and footless frost of woods,
That talk with many winds and gods, the hours
Re-risen and white divisions of dawn,
Springs thousand-tongued with the intermitting reed,
And streams that murmur of the mother snow ;
Me these allure and know me : but no man
Knows, and my goddess only.

And the intelligence of her brethren's death having been carried to Meleager's mother, she was bitterly wrath, and flung the half-consumed brand into the fire, so that Meleager slowly died. And she all-remorseful wept over him, saying:—

—A burden of beauty, O son,
Thy cradled brows, and loveliest loving lips,
The floral hair, the little lightning eyes,
And all thy goodly glory: with mine hands
Delicately I fed thee: with my tongue
Tenderly spake, saying—Verily in God's time,
For all the little likeness of thy limbs,
Son, I shall make thee a kingly man to fight,
A lordly leader: and hear before I die,
“ She bore the goodliest sword of all the world.”

It is impossible to read “Atalanta in Calydon” without recognising how thoroughly Mr. Swinburne has achieved the task of losing his personality in his creations. The majestic affection of Atalanta, the brave and burning adoration of Meleager, the narrow-minded envy and jealousy of the Queen's brethren, and the ready sisterly vengeance of Althœa, succeeded by maternal sorrow and despair, are painted by the hand of a powerful master. The chorus blends harmoniously and clearly as an all-necessary interlude to the severer action, and breaks like rose-rays through the deep warmth and colouring of the background of the drama. The sonorous beauty of the first invocation has never been surpassed in our language:—

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain,
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and emytying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamour of waters and with might,

Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
 Over the splendour and speed of thy feet,
 For the faint East quickens, the wan West shivers,
 Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

“Atalanta in Calydon” was dispraised of few, but not so the now famous “Poems and Ballads” which succeeded. As in all the lyrical efforts of Mr. Swinburne, the musical and melodious lines resemble a deep sunset in which crimson wind-clouds mingle and commingle. The poetry, which garbs like an enveloping mantle the spirit of his muse, is gorgeous, wealthy, and palpable. But, if we may take exception to it, it is far too like a brilliant sunset seen from a hot and arid desert. In the beauty of the distant vista, we momentarily forget the heat and languor, but the very warmth of the colours compels us all too soon to turn our eyes to more sombre hues. If Mr. Swinburne had been a painter, he would have attracted and then satiated our vision with the depth, and glow, and fervour of his imagination. His eyes, like those of poor Edgar Allen Poe, delight in picturesque draperies and luxurious surroundings. And, moreover, there is in his poetry something of that “madness of melancholy” which lends such a charm to the “Raven” and “Annabel Lee.” As we read Mr. Swinburne’s “Poems and Ballads,” whether we approve of or object to the spirit which pervades them, we know that they possess the requisite of all poetry—earnestness. The innermost feelings of a passionate temperament, weary with life and love, with “raptures and roses,” breathes in every line. “Faustine” lives; we see the tawny hair, the half cruel and wholly-passionate eyes drawn by the master-hand. “Dolores”—notre dame des sept douleurs—gazes upon us with the “hard eyes that grow soft for an hour;” takes us in her white hands; chides us that we are not as her votaries are; tells us how fair and goodly are her blessings bestowed on the men who worshipped her in past ages; mocks our modern loves; calls us to her shrine; bids us bow before her voluptuous presence. These are living images, redundant with life, having warm blood coursing in their veins, and passionate with love and beauty:—

O daughters of dreams and of stories,
 That life is not wearied of yet,
 Faustine, Fragoletta, Dolores,
 Félide, and Yolande, and Juliette,

Shall I find you not still, shall I miss you,
 When sleep that is true or that seems,
 Comes back to me hopeless to kiss you,
 O daughters of dreams ?

* * * *

In a land of clear colours and stories,
 In a region of shadowless hours,
 Where earth has a garment of glories,
 And a murmur of musical flowers ;
 In the woods where the spring half uncovers
 The flush of her amorous face,
 By the waters that listen for lovers,
 For these is there place ?

There is a freedom and absence of conventional cumbrances in these poems that indicate a liberty-loving spirit, and the promises that they gave were eventually fulfilled in the splendid imagery and imperial grandeur of the "Songs before Sunrise." One theme alone gave force and passion to those lyrics of Daybreak :—

One birth of my bosom,
 One beam of mine eye,
 One topmost blossom
 That scales the sky.
 Man equal and one with me,
 Man that is made of me,
 Man that is I.

Not the least beautiful of these songs is the dedication addressed to Joseph Mazzini :—

Men bring you love-offerings of tears,
 And sorrow the kiss that assuages,
 And slaves the hate-offerings of wrongs,
 And time the thanksgivings of years,
 And years the thanksgiving of ages ;
 I bring you my handful of songs.

Throughout the poems Italy blends her traditional spirit and fire to the living glory of liberty ; and "The grandeur, that is, Rome," is painted as the sweet luminary where-toward man's eyes turn. The land of other suns, of other legends, of other arts, of a

more gracious, more ennobled, more worshipful, adorable history than ours, was seldom idolised in more exquisite language than that which gathers a grace of tender loveliness by the home of Saint Catherine in Siena:—

O gracious city, well beloved
 Italian, and a maiden crowned.
 Siena, my feet are no more moved
 Toward thy strange shapen mountain-bound.
 But my heart in me turns and moves
 O lady, loveliest of my loves,
 Toward thee, to lie before thy feet,
 And gaze from thy fair fountain seat
 Up the sheer street;
 And the house midway hanging see,
 That saw Saint Catherine bodily,
 Felt on its floors her sweet feet move,
 And the live light of fiery love
 Burn from her beautiful strange face,
 As in the sanguine sacred place
 Where in pure hands she took the head
 Severed, and with pure lips still red
 Kissed the lips dead.

We have lingered over the “lyrical forms” with which, as Oliver Wendell Holmes maintains, Mr. Swinburne has enriched our language, until no space remains for any discussion of his dramatic poems. In the future he will not be judged by these, and his position in the history of our literature will be determined by “Atalanta in Calydon,” and those fugitive poems which he has classed as—

Rose-leaf, and vine-leaf, and bay-leaf,
 Blown loose from the hair.

“Bothwell” will, in probability, prove the most abiding of his dramas, for there are passages in it which when once read, cannot be forgotten. The rough warrior’s farewell to Mary is a masterpiece of passionate love:—

Have then no fear what man shall deem or do,
 For by this fire and light of you, I swear,
 That is my sunlight and my fire of day.

We shall not walk as they that walk by night,
 Toward our great goal uncertainly, nor swerve
 Till we strike foot against it. Kiss me now,
 And bid me too speed on my way with them,
 To bring back all their hands here to the bond
 Set forth as mine, or as your heart is fast
 Set on his death, whose life lies nigh burnt out,
 Half brand, half ash, already in the heat
 Of that bright wrath, which makes as red as flame
 Your fearful and sweet splendour. Nay, by heaven,
 It flushes all the light about your face,
 With seven times kindred colour of pure fire,
 And burns mine eyes beholding, as your lips
 And quick breath burn me kissing. My sweet face,
 Had you not been the sweetest even to me,
 You must have been the fearfulest thing alive.

Of necessity, brevity has triumphed over the desire to treat Mr. Swinburne's poems at the length which their wondrous merit requires. He has founded a new school of poetry; he has discovered forms and blendings of our language which have added to it a new grace. In his own words, generously writ of a brother poet, he has given to us glorious and noble verse, "mailed in gold as of the morning, and girdled with gems of strange water."

FRANCIS BERNARD ANSELL.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

ONCE more athwart the frosty air,
 The Christmas bells peal forth their chime,
 Once more, alone, I linger where
 We lingered that sweet Christmas time—
 Once more I feel her hand in mine,
 Once more I see those trusting eyes
 Look upward with that light divine,
 The light of love that never dies ;
 Once more I see that wealth of hair,
 Fair falling from the shapely head ;
 Once more I see that beauty rare—
 Oh ! God—my love, my life is dead.

Not dead to me—again I feel
Her kisses nestling on my lips—
Once more her hands confiding steal,
I clasp those gentle finger-tips—

Again I hear love's whisper low,
Again it murmurs "trust and wait."
Once more we linger in the snow
Beneath that ancient frosted gate.
Again I press her to my heart,
Again the bells ring out their chime—
Dreams, dreams—yet love shall bear its part,
And memory make my Christmas time.

I see the scarlet berries gleam,
I see the ivy on the wall,
I see the ruddy firelight stream
Across the portal of the hall.
I see bright eyes and laughing mien,
And youth's fair beauty will enthrall,
And once again I see my Queen,
The fairest fair amongst them all.

Once more the yule logs fiercely glow
And show frost's pictures on the pane,
Once more, across the driven snow,
We listen to the bells again—
Now pealing forth, now faint and slow,
Telling of joy and passing pain,
Telling that through the Saviour's woe,
God's love on earth once more shall reign.

Again we gaily join the dance,
And whirl the midnight hours away;
Again I see that loving glance,
And hear the gently-murmur'd "stay,"
Once more!—
Who said it was a dream?—'tis true!
God's pity gave me life anew,
But fleeting.—Am I then alone?
Is she, my Queen, my loved one, gone?

Not gone—for still her form I see—
 Still here—love but the deeper grew—
 Not gone, my angel bride with me
 Is travelling life's long journey through.
 Ring out, clear bells, ring wild and free,
 Peal sweetly o'er the sleeping snow—
 My love is mine, and still with me,
 As on that Christmas long ago.

IDÈLE.

SOMEBODY.

SOMEBODY sits at the window,
 Somebody looks up the street,
 Somebody's thoughtfully waiting,
 Her somebody else to greet.
 Somebody grows impatient,
 That Somebody is so late,
 Somebody likes not waiting,
 Yet somebody makes her wait.
 Somebody's brow is clouded,
 Somebody's heart beats fast,
 Only a moment longer,
 Someone is coming at last !
 Hark ! a step on the pavement,
 Somebody springs to her feet,
 Soft blushes rise to her forehead,
 Waiting dear Someone to greet.
 Somebody stands in the doorway,
 Kisses rain fast on her cheeks ;
 Passionate fond and tender,
 The words which somebody speaks.
 Somebody's very tender,
 Someone is gentle and true,
 His eyes are full of passion,
 And her's are of heaven's blue.

Somebody now is happy,
 For all that she loves is there,
 He ne'er will let someone suffer,
 From touch of sorrow or care.

A. B. J.

VANITAS VANITATUM.

THE dead hours, like our dreams,
 Abide not nor endure;
 Sweet joys, like April suns,
 Pass ere the seeds mature.

 Gloom garbs the dark to-morrow,
 And gathers cold and gray,
 Around the joyous presence
 That gilds the bright to-day.

 And vain is all ambition,
 High earthly hope and care;
 Vain, as the waving shadows,
 All that we once held fair.

 The van of years are stricken,
 And others in their place
 Make the dark locks gleam whitely,
 Furrow the smiling face.

 The pleasures start and wither,
 As hearts grow wan and old,
 They shudder at the cere-clothes,
 And drop the cloth of gold.

 Ah! when the fire is fading,
 And darkness veils the day,
 When we turn our fearful faces
 Towards the narrow way;

 Wrapt in a deep repentance,
 Confess we then aloud,
 That Death alone can humble
 The Life that is so proud.

A. B. J.

STANZAS.

CAN such sweetness be,
 Cold, dark earth from thee,
 As this flower ?
 Is such peerless bloom,
 And such rich perfume,
 Thine to dower ?
 Yes, though fall'n and curst
 From the very first,
 Still 'tis thine
 Richly to bestow,
 To the flowers below
 Tints divine.
 What had then it been,
 If no seed of sin
 Had been sown ?
 As, in Eden's bowers,
 Sweeter, fairer flowers
 Then had blown.
 Sweeter, fairer flowers ?
 Yes, this world of ours
 Then had been
 One glad garden bright,
 Without winter's night,—
 Always green.

A. MIDLANE.

ODE ON THE POETIC CHARACTER.

I.

COME, Melody, soul-moving power,
 And grant me a propitious hour,
 Wake in my soul the mystic spell
 That lurks within thy magic shell,
 And while thy sister, Poesy, her aid may lend
 With gifts of high ennobling fire,
 Do Thou thy liquid numbers send,
 Or with the lofty pealing strain inspire ;

Then gently soothe my soft-subsiding lyre,
 Till from the faint and scarcely stirring strings
 Breathe forth but low melodious murmurings,
 Like softest music made by floating angels wings !

II.

Ah ! Poesy, alas ! to few is given
 Thy laureled wreath, and even then
 From his parched brow how often to be riven,
 While low thy votary sits in some dark den
 Of vice ; or else, in madness bound,
 With nought but wan despair around,
 He writhes beneath fierce phrenzy's galling chains,
 While not one flash—one single spark—remains
 Of all those brilliant thoughts, the first cause of his pains.

III.

I see Consumption lurking in his prey,
 That dainty-feeding fiend, that epicure,
 Who saps the fairest fruit ; in gaunt array,
 The misty forms of ills that know no cure ;
 Pale Melancholy, breeding thoughts impure ;
 Pride, stalking solitary round the scene ;
 Hard-biting Poverty, that crusheth sure,
 And holdeth down with gnawing tooth and keen ;
 Such are the Poet's curse, with evils still unseen.

IV.

Yet there are times when none can paint his joy,
 When none but he himself can feel thy power ;
 Should'st Thou but wake his lyre, no griefs annoy,
 All cares are thrown away that sunny hour ;
 Even as a stream, swollen by summer shower,
 Sparkles in brightness, making glad the heart,
 So breaks he forth ; like song-bird in a bower,
 Weaving the tuneful song with skilful art,
 While Thou presid'st o'er all, soft numbers to impart.

V.

Thou thy bounteous aid bestowing,
 How the pliant verses run ;
 Like streams adown a valley flowing
 Gilded by a setting sun.

Sometimes straight and sometimes winding,
 Still a channel ever finding;
 Now through daisied banks swift gliding,
 Now in dimpled pool subsiding,
 Its pebbled bottom open to the eye !
 Now with harsh tempestuous roar,
 Their rapid floods by fits they pour,
 Till o'er the lofty precipice they sudden throw
 Their broken waters to the gulf below ;
 Yet from its depths a rainbow mounts on high,
 Gives mildness to the scene, and tints the evening sky !

VI.

And what is Poetry, is it not Truth,
 That undefined but ever living thing
 Never yet known to him devoid of ruth ?
 The chainless—placid—soul alone may sing,
 Alone may rise on fancy's airy wing ;
 Upward it soars, with lofty heaven-ward flight,
 While in the heart ecstatic feelings spring,
 Till, from imagination's dizziest height,
 Truth, Nature, all revealed, burst on the ravished sight.

VII.

But Oh ! how transient is the gleam of bliss,
 The dazzled eye can scarcely glance around !
 As some 'reft mother, dreaming, thinks to kiss
 Her babe—long resting, mouldering, 'neath the ground —
 And wakes to unfilled arms and darkness round ;
 So when the Poet's sense would fondly gain
 A glimpse of the Unseen, and hear that Sound
 Which ear of flesh may never yet retain,
 Backward he reels amazed, and sinks to Earth again.

J. D. DOUGALL.

STREWN ASHES.

BY ALFRED HARBLON.
 SEAWARDS.

THE ripples rise across the sun's last raylets,
 The tide falls swiftly seaward with the shore,
 Curving and eddying in broken baylets,
 In waves that leap from core to coloured core,

Glancing and glistening in varied waters,
 Sweeping the banks from tree to drooping tree,
 Soothed by the anthems of the river's daughters:
 "How soon, O loved one, shall we meet the sea?"

Darkness has fallen over earth and heaven,
 The cool white shadows of the night arise,
 A mazy mist from clustering cloudlets riven
 Sleeps on the stream, the song grows faint and dies:
 Only the plashes of the sweeping river,
 Sound by each dim grey pile and fading lea,
 Ah, love, the river flows not thus for ever:
 "How soon, O loved one, shall we meet the sea?"

The rustling leaves find measure with the flowing
 Of many waters rushing to their home,
 The clear moon glances downward now, bestowing
 Clusters of jewels on the flecks of foam:
 The river sighs in answer to her lover,
 The branches quiver in each willow tree,
 Look through the night, how soon shall we discover—
 "How soon, O loved one, shall we meet the sea?"

Out of the waters of the widening river,
 With wealth of yellow hair and laughing eyes,
 Wrapt with white webb, save where the bosoms sever,
 The daughter of the river doth arise:
 Her robes trail o'er the space of rippling water,
 Too fair, too frail, for aught but nymph to be,
 Her locks entwined with seaweed ocean brought her!
 "Too soon, O loved one, shall we meet the sea."

Yonder a brackish breeze breaks keen and cruel,
 Salt waves spring upward in the silvery light,
 And from the billows, decked with many a jewel,
 Clothen with azure and the stars of night,
 There leaps to life the son of sea and ocean,
 Clasps yon fair deity, as I clasp thee,
 Lulls her amid the billow's restless motion:
 "O love, O loved one, we have found the sea!"

So soothly silent, drifting ever drifting,
 Wandering through waves that leap from crest to crest,
 Thou love, thy suppliant eyes to mine uplifting,
 Dreaming with me and hovering on my breast :
 No rush of waters now, no stream down-flowing,
 Only the soft caresses shed with thee,
 Only the murmurs of the breezes glowing,
 "O love, O loved one, we have found the sea!"

LILIES ON OLIVET.

Blessed is the hand that shall plant lilies upon Olivet.—LOTHAIR.

Lo ! Academe's famed classic grove,
 Where lordly Plato's lore
 Was taught to many an opening mind,
 Eager to seek and quick to find,
 Roaming those gardens o'er.

Or where the dubious human will,
 'Neath Stoa's stately porch,
 Was quelled ; and pain and pleasure spurned,
 And calm tranquility was learned
 At Zeno's lofty torch !

High on old Rome's imperial throne,
 A crowned Philosopher
 Sought after God, and left to man
 Lessons that men would wisely scan,
 And following did not err.

True " Seekers after God " * were these
 True lovers of their race ;
 Nor doubt we, when their lives were done,
 They too would kneel at God's high throne,
 Recipients of His grace.

* See the noble introduction to the *Meditations of Antoninus*, by George Long, M.A.; Lecky's *European Morals*; and Dr. Farrar's admirable volume, *Seekers after God*, which last contains a fine notice of the philosophic emperor.

But other scenes we witness now,
 On that far eastern hill,
 Though brown and bare, once bright and green,
 And Jesus and His flock are seen
 Hard by the pleasant rill.

And first He taught what all might hope,
 Yet none dared fully say,
 A Heavenly Father o'er the race,
 Shed freely even heavenly grace,
 Like as the solar ray.

And Athens' philosophic schools,
 And Rome's imperial pride
 Are gone: but fondly lingers yet,
 Full many a thought on Olivet,
 And hill where Jesus died.

And lilies we will gladly bear,
 For that deserted steep,
 Plant them with liberal hand and free,
 As mindful of a legacy,
 O'er which we joy and weep!

T. H. GIBSON.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

WHY Nell, what ails you this morning, so slowly you crossed
 the stile?

I've watched you out of the window—and where have you left
 your smile?

What have you got to tell me? it may just as well out as lie,
 It'll rankle and fester in hiding—all must be born to die.

"So you'd a kind of a quarrel, a sort of a tiff last night,
 And you're glad Tom's gone to market without you—it serves him
 right—

Perhaps you said more than you ought to have said, but you said
 your say,
 And whether he likes, or he doesn't like, you will have your way.

"He ought to be shamed of his temper; yes, and you'll shame him too,
 So you're off on a little junket—as if he could manage you!
 And when he got up this morning, *you* never spoke nor stirred
 So he needn't think you're conquered—the last of it's not yet heard!"

So that's it? well, lay off your bonnet, hang up your shawl my lass,
 Shut the door, take your seat on the settle, we'll let this quarrel pass,

I'll tell you *my* talk last night, Nell, my gossip with my old man,
 Then you shall go on your junket, and punish Tom as you can.

My girl, it was this—after supper, we drew up as old folks do,
 Our chairs by the ingle and chatted, together of Tom and you:
 Of you and your honest Tom—weren't we proud when he asked the dad

To give him our little daughter—yes we were both proud and glad.

Then father went on to picture, how bright the old place would be
 When the little ones patter about us, running from you to me;
 Last, he looked at his hands, child, took his pipe from his mouth
 and sighed,

Thought they'd last a bit longer to better the place 'ere he died.

'Better for her our Nellie'—for *you*—it was all for you—
 Then my mother's heart took to leaping, and I whispered 'for her and Sue'—

But you know he's soft and he's hard Nell, he's gentle until he's crossed—

He answered me rough "all for Nellie—to me, Susan's dead and lost."

Then I answered—no hardly answered, my throat was so choked and dry—

'Sue lives, if God can forgive her, so surely must you and I.'
 Well, Nell, *you* know the same story "'twas a kind of a tiff last night'—

I don't say your father was wrong child, I don't say I was right.

We didn't say much about it, locked the door and we went to bed,
But I couldn't rest quiet like that child, whatever he might have said,
So I turned and crept quite closely, laid my old face down on his
breast—

Since the face was as young as yours Nell, it's always gone there
to rest.

I said 'I'm not going to naggle, nor keep up the downstairs strife,
For Susie is but our daughter, whilst I am your own old wife,
Sue brought my heart near to breaking, and furrows along your brow,
She chose and I chose when we parted—she'll not come between
us now.

I don't want you even to speak—words are windy when you are
vexed,

Your tongue gave me all those sharp answers, just let your heart
speak next,

Suppose I'm wrong to have crossed you, to have spoken of poor
little Sue—

Who's the best of it now, Jem, I provoked—to forgive is for *you*.

Besides, however unwisely I angered you—life is life—

You're letting one night of it go Jem, without a 'God bless' for
your wife.

We've said a many 'good nights,' Jem—there can't be *so* many
to pass—'

No more—he drew me close to him—'Good night, and God bless
thee, old lass.'

May be I'm silly, Nelly, to sit crying and wiping my eye,
I was never over-much humble, nor either over-much high,
But I'm humble and high this morning, for before he went out
he said,

'You needn't take on again Molly, to me Susie's no more dead!'

And he bid me write her a letter—a letter to ask her down,
You may as well wait and post it, as you're going up the town—
Not going, you say? Thought you were going to junket it off to-
night?

'You think Tom's back from the market, and you want to make it
all right!'

AGNES STONEHEWER.

THE HILL OF FAME.

AN APOLOGUE.

BY RICHARD HENGIST HORNE,
Author of "Orion," &c., &c.

THE Hill of Fame looks bright afar,
With floral sides and smoothest grass,
Clear pools that shine like self-love's glass,
And overhead a beacon star.

This Hill to youthful genius ever seems
Easy to climb, though high above the clouds,—
Reality, divine as morning dreams,
Of noble passion's stately martyr-crowds.

Upon the top a dazzling Temple stands
Of diamonds built; and from the porch white hands
Of angels hold forth crowns—wreaths, garlands, laurel-bands.

A youthful Knight beheld entrance'd,
This vision of earth's highest glory;
Devoutly tow'rds the Hill advanc'd,
Prepared to earn a name in story.

Through lonely days, and o'er the midnight lamp
His soul intensely had he sought to fill
With worthiest things, and like a steed would champ
Impatient to essay that glorious Hill.

He watch'd, he pray'd, true art and skill acquired;
Into his own heart look'd with thought, untired;
And then began the ascent—heroic and inspired.

At once from bowery coverts rose
A throng of hinds with fork and flail;
And thick as falls a winter hail,
On the Knight's armour rang their blows.
Stunn'd, deafened, blinded by the uncouth assault,
Which damaged sorely all his fine romance,
The Knight advanced with many a wound and halt,
'Midst the impregnable powers of ignorance.

But all his skill, valour, and fortitude,
Were now confronted by a different brood—
Knights, like himself in arms, and some of similar blood.

Upon their shields and in their faces,
 Was written "Jealousy," or "Failure;"
 They could not for their lives endure
 This stranger's high advancing paces.
 Some rush at him with incoherent cries,
 Some smite him on the forehead—many more
 Behind the back—or sting like venomous flies;
 Some smiled faint praise, and closed the Temple door:
 But most, pretending blindness, wink, and bar
 His passage, silently, or burn and char
 All trees behind, and all the upward foliage mar.
 But Death alone that Knight shall slay;
 No tedious battle breaks his strength;
 He gains that Temple's porch at length,
 Though heartsick, battered, threadbare, grey.
 And oh, 'tis vacant! Where the laurels?—crowns?
 The angels now as sirens all appear!
 They sing and weep o'er one they love who drowns;
 Then laugh, and float away in watery glare.
 The diamond walls fade—glimmer—and recoil—
 Then melt like ice. The Knight hath won sad spoil,
 And smiles, as heaven must smile, at Fame's mistaken toil.

STARS OF THE NORTH.

WITH song of triumph gladly we would hail
 The heroes late returned from Polar seas;
 At duty's call they spread the flowing sail,
 And manned the barque the nation's will to please.

Far in the regions of the frozen North
 They braved the terrors of the stormy way;
 Mid Alps of ice they ventured boldly forth,
 To front the frost-king in his grim array.

Of all the daring hearts so firm and brave,
 Who, mid the perils of the ice-girt Pole,
 Could face the dangers of the floe crowned wave,
 The name of Nares must grace the noble roll.

With all that science adds to naval skill,
 Heroic courage and unfaltering nerve,
 He trod the paths of fame, with iron will
 That ne'er amid the direst ills would swerve.

With him a hardy band of Britons rose,
 With burning zeal to pierce the northern gloom,
 Mid icy deserts and perpetual snows,
 Far, far removed from nature's vernal bloom.

While yet the north star shines above the main,
 Will lofty spirits still the dark path dare ;
 Tho' mountain icebergs stay the adventurous train,
 They shall not shrink, frail victims to Despair.

Tho' stubborn nature's unrelenting power
 May mock the cherished hope, the daring will
 That o'er her overwhelming force would tower,
 And holds aloft her frosted sceptre still.

Amid those polar seas wide scenes arise,
 Stupendous figures loom to meet the sight,
 And fanlike mountain masses pierce the skies,
 Whose snow-capped summits sparkle in the light.

The monarch waves, when born along by storms,
 Congeal in clusters o'er the northern deep,
 Clutched by the mystic hand of frost, their forms
 Are moulded strange, fantastic, huge, and steep.

Through Winter's gloomy reign no light is seen,
 Save the Aurora in the darkened dome,
 That lightly glimmers o'er the savage scene,
 Where desolation holds its ice-bound home.

The gay borealis flashing far and wide,
 Shimmer through skies in varying colour'd rays,
 And faintly flickering o'er the frozen tide,
 Illume the wintry darkness with their blaze.

But when the sun mounts o'er the ocean's verge,
 Emerging strong to break the wintry night,
 He holds his lengthen'd course above the surge,
 And mocks the frost-king with continuous light.

The adamantine rocks, the hills of snow,
 The clustering hummocks on the rugged plain,
 Their lines of oblique shade at midnight throw
 In long dark shadows on the distant main.

But British hearts can face the blasts of death—
 When daring prompts, or solemn duties call ;
 Nor shrink to yield the last expiring breadth,
 Amid such scenes that feeble hearts appal.

Long, weary nights, in cheerless darkness bound,
 While imprisoned round by Ocean's frozen chain,
 With scenes of solemn grandeur looming round,
 When winter holds its stern and gloomy reign,
 Famine, and perils dire were oft endured,
 And frosted limbs, and scurvy's dreaded sting,
 Amid thick floes and rugged blocks immured,
 And rocks congealed that round their barques would cling.

Their ships pushed boldly through the glittering seas,
 And dared the floating mountain's threatening shock,
 Till firmly chained by nature's stern decrees,
 That bound the ocean round like granite rock.

And there unmoved the icy girdle stood,
 That mocks the Arctic Summer's feeble heat,
 Still-bound them fast upon the frozen flood,
 Still stayed their search, and threatened dire defeat.

There amid darkened solitudes they passed
 The dreary night of winter, girt around
 By snows surrounded, and by clouds o'ercast,
 That loomed amid the tempest's hollow sound.

Yet cherished thoughts of home could still inspire
 The hope, the fortitude, the daring will,
 And lend the sunken eye its lustrous fire,
 And nerve the arm to brave new perils still.

But when the summer sun's returning ray
 Shone o'er each spectral form, and hollow cheek,
 Their hopes ran high to push their arduous way,
 And cheered each frame by cold and hunger weak.

They manned their sledge to seek their dreary way,
 To front new perils, and fresh laurels claim ;
 To face the icefields in their dread array,
 And win new honours in the paths of fame.

Then Markham first assumed the grave command,
 And braved the frozen waste, the polar blast,
 With Parr to aid him, with unflinching hand
 To break the dread suspense around them cast.

O'er joyless tracts remote, and realms unknown,
 Where the wild deer or fox can find no den,
 They, fearless, urged their daring footsteps lone,
 Far from the busy chosen haunts of men.

Where biting winds of death rush o'er the deep,
 That freeze the lifeblood in their rigid veins,
 Where fearful snowstorms o'er the icefields sweep,
 And all the daring hope of man restrains.

Alone on the trackless wastes they left their barque,
 In silent desolation on the main,
 Where the huge Alps of solid ice frowned dark,
 And solitude upheld its dreary reign.

The rigid sheaves within the blocks were bound,
 The stiffened cordage round the spars had clung,
 The ropes like bands of iron coiled around,
 The sails like sheets of adamant were hung.

They slowly toiled across the barrier wide
 That frowned between them and the ocean stream ;
 And seventy days their arduous struggle plied,
 With hope alone to shed a transient beam.

There barriers impenetrable arose
 To thwart ambition in its boldest aim,
 There Arctic desolation, frowning shows
 That man must yield his cherished hopes of fame.

So when, at length, they found that nature's power
 Opposed new bulwarks to their onward way,
 And found new dangers o'er their journey lower,
 That stamped their dreams of hope with dread dismay,

They turned reluctant from the polar star,
 With wasted frames unnerved when death was nigh,
 And urged their prows toward their homes afar,
 To seek repose beneath a genial sky.

They lodged beneath the naked starlit dome,
 Where famished wolves were prowling for their prey ;
 With glowing hope to reach a distant home,
 Through rugged plains they urged their toilsome way.

Their spirits quailed not though privations came,
 And famine's wolfish pinch was oft endured ;
 They forward pressed though weary, cold and lame :
 By honour's star their hopeful hearts were lured.

That earnest thrill that prompts the good and brave,
 Soul of enthusiasm ! honour's light !
 To bound o'er ocean's depths with hope to save,
 Unchecked by perils in their onward flight,

Has earned the brightest laurel wreaths of fame,
 Has won from Chaos all the good we know ;
 Without its aid the gloomy world were tame ;
 'Tis the pure fount of all that's grand below.

It guides the artist's hand, the warrior's ire,
 The statesman's voice, the martyr's glowing zeal ;
 It lends a daring to the patriot's fire,
 That withers wrong and works a nation's weal.

W. CROWLEY.

(*To be Continued*).

A POEM.

HERE by the ripplings of an Eastern sea,
 That seems to sound of days that are no more,
 In every wave that melts upon the shore,
 I sit and think of thee.

Thy presence moveth with me everywhere;
My fancy floweth steadfast as a stream
Towards that lovely vale, where thou dost gleam
In memories ever fair.

Can'st thou forget that day we bade adieu,
'Midst long embraces, and the falling tear;
When angel Hope strove hopelessly with fear
In tender hearts and true?

O dark and dreary rose that day for me!
All things seemed sad and sunless for thy sake;
Lonely the silence of the slumbering lake,
That seemed to dream of thee.

Mournful the mist that wearily arose
At touch of morning from the mountain head;
Silent, it spake of pleasure that had fled
Like some fair Summer rose.

The trees drooped low; the birds among the bowers,
Sang slowly, sadly in the sighing breeze,
A lonely life beyond the lonely seas,
To all the pensive flowers.

Dark flowed the river on its woodland way,
On that sad Summer morning of farewell,
Sad sang the sea; all voices seemed to swell
With sorrow, on that day.

For Nature loves our lives; when troubles fall,
Upon our souls like snowy Winter showers,
Her gentle voices fill the lonely hours,
With love that lightens all

Our drooping hearts, and lifts our hopes on high;
Her sunshine flows thro' all this vale of tears;
Her deep voice lessens all our load of fears,
When sorrow hovers nigh.

In every trembling lay, that thro' the trees
 The warbling birds pour soulfully along,
 I seem to hear the sweetness of thy song,
 Float on the evening breeze.

With the fair sunrise of the golden morn,
 That blooms like Eden o'er yon Eastern skies,
 Cometh the glory of thy dewy eyes,
 Of love and beauty born.

Thro' all the grandeur of the gleaming day,
 I feel the brightness of thy fancied face ;
 It dwells amidst the sweetness and the grace
 Of light's departing ray.

And when the glory of the day has died
 Like some fair dream of heaven o'er the sea,
 And Night arises, slowly, solemnly,
 Dark robed and starry-eyed.

I love to think that as the yearning star,
 That gazeth steadfast on the world below,
 So wrapped around with night, thy fancies glow
 Towards me from afar !

DAVID R. WILLIAMSON.

REVIEWS.

"Leaves from Australian Forests."—Such is the title of a book which has recently come into our hands. We have been much pleased on perusing it, to find that it consists of songs and poems of a quality much above the average. The writer, Henry Kendall, hails from Australia; but whether that country claims him as a native born son, or not, we have at present no means of knowing. The fact of his belonging to the nether hemisphere, should not be used to his prejudice in our estimate of him as an author; rather let it be considered as giving him an additional claim on our sympathies. We write on the assumption that he is an unknown poet; and this must constitute our apology for introducing his name to

English readers. Taking into account the freshness of his style, and the beauty of his themes, it strikes us as being strange that the echoes of his muse have not reached the public ear sooner. He does not require any indulgence at our hands, but may safely be left to confront criticism, and take his place in the world of letters, by virtue of the patent of genius.

The poetry of Kendall is alliterative, passionate, and overflowing with metaphor, his fancy delighting in forcible contrasts; his versification, whilst being smooth and musical, is yet virile. Like the clime of Australia, where the lights are strong and the shadows deep, there is no twilight in his poetry; with him it is either broad day or blackest night; his manner is characterised by a rhythmical flow that wins upon the ear, and seems to impress his tuneful numbers on the memory.

We will now give a few extracts from his book; and we have no doubt our readers will agree with us that Henry Kendall is a true poet; on that account he is worthy of a gracious welcome at our hands.

The first excerpt is from a beautiful poem called "September in Australia." It must be borne in mind, the seasons of the year do not run in Australia, as with us; or we should marvel at finding September alluded to, as coming in with "the wind of the West, and the Spring in her raiment!"—

Grey Winter hath gone, like a wearisome guest,
And, behold, for repayment,
September comes in with the wind of the West,
And the Spring in her raiment!
The ways of the frost have been filled of the flowers
While the forest discovers
Wild wings with the halo of hyaline hours,
And a music of lovers.
September, the maid with the swift, silver feet!
She glides, and she graces
The valleys of coolness, the slopes of the heat,
With her blossomy traces.
Sweet month with a mouth that is made of a rose,
She lightens and lingers
In spots where the harp of the evening glows,
Attuned by her fingers.
The stream from its home in the hollow hill slips
In a darling old fashion;
And the day goeth down with a song on its lips,
Whose key-note is passion.
Far out in the fierce bitter front of the sea,
I stand and remember
Dead things that were brothers and sisters of thee,
Resplendent September.

From the poem of "Daphne" we get a fine description of the flight of the nymph, and the pursuit by Apollo:—

She, when followed from the forelands by the lord of lyre and lute,
Sped towards far-singing waters, past deep gardens flushed with fruit;

Took the path against Peneus, painted by its yellow banks ;
Turned, and looked, and flew the faster through grey-tufted thicket ranks ;

Flashed amongst high flowered sedges : leaped across the brook, and ran

Down to where the four-fold shadows of a nether glade began ;
There she dropped, like falling Hesper, heavy hair of radiant head,
Hiding all the young abundance of her beauty's white and red.

Came, the yellow-tressed Far-darter—came the god whose feet are fire,
On his lips the name of Daphne, in his eyes a great desire ;
Fond, full lips of lord and lover, sad because of suit denied ;
Clear, grey eyes made keen by passion, panting, pained, unsatisfied.
Here he turned, and there he halted ; now he paused, and now he flew,
Swifter than his sister's arrows, through soft dells of dreamy dew.

Vext with gleams of Ladon's daughter, dashed along the son of Jove,
Fast upon flower-trammelled Daphne fleeting on from grove to grove ;
Flights of sea-wind hard behind him, breaths of bleak and whistling straits ;

Drifts of driving cloud above him, like a troop of fierce-eyed fates !
So he reached the water-shallows ; then he stayed his steps, and heard Daphne drop upon the grasses, fluttering like a wounded bird.

In "Campaspe," a peculiar poem, we are warned of the seductive cunning of a woman, whose instincts are wholly animal, but whose personal appearance is of most beautiful aspect :—

Turn from the ways of this woman ! Campaspe we call her by name—
She is fairer than flowers of the fire—she is brighter than brightness of flame.

As a song that strikes swift to the heart with the beat of the blood of the South,

And a light and a leap and a smart, is the play of her perilous mouth.
Her eyes are as splendours that break in the rain at the set of the sun,
But turn from the steps of Campaspe—a woman to look at and shun !

Dost thou know of the cunning of Beauty ? take heed to thyself and beware

Of the trap in the droop of the raiment, the snare in the folds of the hair !

She is fulgent in flashes of pearl, the breeze with her breathing is sweet,
But fly from the face of the girl—there is death in the fall of her feet !
Is she maiden or marvel of marble ? O rather a tigress at wait
To pounce on thy soul for her pastime—a leopard for love or for hate.

Woman of shadow and furnace ! she biteth her lips to restrain
Speech that springs out when she sleepeth, by the stirs and the starts of her pain.

As music half-shapen of sorrow, with its wants and its infinite wail,
Is the voice of Campaspe, the beauty at bay with her passion dead-pale.
Go out from the courts of her loving, nor tempt the fierce dance of desire,

Where thy life would be shrivelled like stubble, in the stress and the fervour of fire !

Here is a description of the shipwreck, from the "Voyage of Telegonus," which seems to stand out from the text, clear and distinct, as a well-drawn picture:—

So past the ridges where the coast abrupt
 Dips greyly westward, Circe's strong-armed son
 Swept down the foam of sharp-divided straits
 And faced the stress of opening seas. Sheer out
 The vessel drove; * * * * *

* * * And swift strong streams of fire revealed
 The labouring rowers and the lightening surf,
 Pale watchers deafened of sonorous storm,
 And dripping decks and rents of ruined sails.
 Yea, when the hollow ocean-driven ship
 Wheeled sideways, like a chariot cloven through
 In hard hot battle, and the night came up
 Against strange headlands lying East and North,
 Behold a black wild wind with death to all
 Ran shoreward, charged with flame and thunder-smoke,
 Which blew the waters into wastes of white,
 And broke the bark, as lightning breaks the pine;
 Whereat the sea in fearful circles showed
 Unpitied faces turned from Zeus and light,
 Wan swimmers wasted with their agony,
 And hopeless eyes and moaning mouths of men.
 But one held by the fragments of the wreck,
 And Ares knew him for Telegonus,
 Whom heavy-handed Fate had chained to deeds
 Of dreadful note, with sin beyond a name.

From the poem called "Sitting by the Fire," we give a short extract. We may deduce from it a safe conclusion as to the idiosyncrasy of the poet's mind; he seems to be one who, in moments of dejection, turns to his muse, and finds a solace for his cares, in the chastened memories of "fair far days" forever gone:—

Ah! the solace in the sitting,
 Sitting by the fire,
 When the wind without is calling
 And the four-fold clouds are falling,
 With the rain-racks intermitting,
 Over slope and spire.
 Ah! the solace in the sitting,
 Sitting by the fire.
 Then, and then, a man may ponder,
 Sitting by the fire,
 Over fair far days, and faces
 Shining in sweet-coloured places,
 Ere the thunder broke asunder
 Life and dear Desire.
 Thus, and thus, a man may ponder,
 Sitting by the fire.
 Waifs of song pursue, perplex me,
 Sitting by the fire;

Just a note, and lo, the change then!
 Like a child, I turn and range then,
 Till a shadow starts to vex me—
 Passion's wasted pyre.
 So do songs pursue, perplex me,
 Sitting by the fire.

Although, at times, Kendall looks on life in its darkest and most unpromising aspect, yet from this fact we must not infer that all his philosophy is of a cheerless sort; in his extremity, Hope always comes to his aid, and lends his aspiration wings; and as he soars above the dismal cloud his errant fancy has evoked, he sings:—

A man is manliest when he wisely knows
 How vain it is to halt, and pule, and pine,
 Whilst under every mystery haply flows
 The finest issue of a love divine.

H. E.

"Song Drifts." Murray and Son, Glasgow.—We have really read this book with pleasure, though we dozed over it, and woke again to listen to fresh tones which trill through its leaves like summer music. There are many beautiful ideas expressed clearly and concisely, and some of the lines are almost poems in themselves; for instance:—

The winds have sobbed themselves to sleep.

Alas ! alas ! the swift years bring
 Back to the heart no second Spring.

And like suns at their setting, so life at its close,
 In a garment of glory goes down to repose.

And this, the first stanza of a rare lyrical gem:—

Little Alice was your pet name,
 In summers long ago,
 And you never had a set name,
 Could sound so sweet and low.

By way of introduction we have the following:—

In summer weather,
 'Mong hills of heather,
 And vales forsaken,
 In fragrant snow showers
 Of sunny May flowers,
 Are Song Drifts shaken.

* * * *

Young Love has pressed them,
 Young Hope caressed them,
 And here they dwell now !
 What Fate shall slight them,
 What Scorning blight them,
 Ah ! who can tell now ?

Certainly if the Songs meet with the fate they deserve, they will neither be scorned nor slighted.

We have seldom met with a prettier word picture than the following from "Just Sixteen."—

We nutted through the woodlands,
 In days when we were young ;
 We gathered brightest blossoms,
 And sweetest music sung.
 Of all the youthful darlings
 You really were the queen :
 I was not twenty then, love,
 And you, dear, just sixteen. * * * * *

Of course we twain have learned, dear,
 The folly of our ways ;
 We've drifted from our youth, love,
 And left the sweet Spring days,
 We nut no more in woodlands,
 Nor roam the meadows green,—
 I've past the twenty now, love,
 And you, the sweet sixteen.

Some of the Poems exhibit an undercurrent of sadness; the blackness of night, through which, however, we occasionally catch glimpses of the starlight. We quote a verse in this strain from "The Future":—

Oh! golden hearted Future,
 For which we wait and pray,
 Why fold thyself in cloudland,
 Why linger on thy way ?
 We wait thy glorious advent,
 We watch the growing light,
 But though the day is smiling,
 Thou still art wrapt in night.

Had we space we would gladly present our readers with more of this music; but recommending them to secure "Song Drifts" for themselves, will close our notice with a few verses from "Closing Chords":—

Song Drifts that were so sweet
 In the soft Summer time,
 How have ye fled so fleet,
 How are ye touched with rime.
 Why have ye left the hours,
 Clothed in their sunny dress,
 Left all the fairy bowers,
 Brimful of happiness ?
 Birds follow Summer's track,
 Sing under cloudless skies,
 Till Spring shall lure them back
 With changeless melodies. * * * * *

Only 'mid drifting snow,
 Dream we of brighter days,
 Hear we again the flow
 Of the old tender lays. * * * * *

So shall the past be made
 Bright with your fairy beam,
 And life once more array'd,
 Soft in an airy dream.

THE BREEZES.

*Words by CHRISTOPHER UPTON.**Music by LANSDOWNE COTTELL, R.A.M.*

ALLEGRO.

1. Oh, ye happy breezes,
2. On the breast of ocean,

rall.

blow-ing where ye list,
fond-ling pass ye by,

Danc-ing in the sun-shine,
Set her heart in mo-tion,

charging at the mist; Bouncing up the mountain, chasing thro' the plain,
quickly come and gone; Held in soft en-tran-ces by the arms of trees,

cres cen - do. dim.

THE BREEZES.

Bath-ing in the foun-tain, toy-ing with the vane.
Kis-sing maidens' fa-ces, would I were a breeze!

Oh, ye hap-py breezes, blow-ing where ye list,
On the breast of o-cean, fond-ling pass ye by,

Danc-ing in the sun-shine, charg-ing at the mist;
Set her heart in mo-tion, quick-ly come and gone;

Bound-ing up the moun-tain,

Bathing in the foun-tain, Chasing thro' the plain.
rall.

The musical score consists of five systems of music. The top system starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. It contains two staves: a soprano staff with lyrics and a basso continuo staff with harmonic bass notes. The second system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The third system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The fourth system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The fifth system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Flora," by C. S.—Your ballad displays considerable power. Its principal defect is the deficiency of sustained incident.

"August," by E. R. (York.)—Your lyric is out of season. The versification is good.

"The Lark."—These verses have an even jingle, but that is their only merit.

T. H. P.—We have already accepted an article on the same subject. Send us something else.

"An Item of Winter," by A. W.—Too juvenile for our magazine. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

"The Belfry Ghost" is clever, but unsuitable. It sadly lacks rhythm and is lame in its feet. Poets must make music: and even their ghosts must have legs of proper length. Study good writers, and try again.

"The Norwegian Water-lily," by G. B.—The first three verses are capital, but the remainder are weak. We thought we had found something useable when we read—

Sits upon the water bright,
In the heart of forests hilly,
Like a fairy robed in white,
The Norwegian water-lily.

Nature here has surely made
A gold-centred silver chalice:
At a feast it should be laid
In Titania's elfin palace.

"Spirit of Love," by B. O. J.—This poem contains certain signs of power in the realm of poesy, but lacks care and concentration. The ideas are good, but badly worded. Re-write and send again. Leave out "blink," "cheap," &c.

"Her Picture," by A. J.—We regret you should have drawn the picture so badly with such a model.

ISIDON.—Thanks for your appreciative letter. Will you send us a budget of short poems for choice? Your surname is illegible, and we are not sure we have your Christian name correctly.

"Christmas," by G. C.—The fragment is well written, but exceedingly brief. Moreover we have received so many poems with the same title.

"The Haws so ruby red" and "Rest."—The first mentioned is a pretty ballad poem, but the line which serves for a title is repeated so often that it becomes monotonous. "Rest" is all wrong in measure. The author is thanked for kind wishes.

ELLEN L.—Certainly. Send us as many effusions as you please. The more the merrier.

"Evening."—We cannot insert poems or articles which would be unfit to be left on a drawing room table.

"On a Hair Chain."—We like these lines; but they are not of sufficient general interest. The tale is told in the following verses:—

I clasp a soft and silken chain,
With rare sweet rapture o'er again,
And kiss it tenderly.

Its netted beauty can't be told ;
 A chain entwined a thousand fold,
 Revealing love for me.

Dear hallowed chain ! that I may wear
 A token darling of thy care,
 And thought a precious store ;
 Whose chain of years are wove with mine,
 My joys and hopes all bound in thine
 Now and for evermore.

"To Dora," by A. T.—Your versification improves; but the ideas are old. The sixth line of the eight stanza is a verbal quotation from Byron's *Childe Harold*.

"The Skylark's Hymn," &c., by H. C.—Your poems are very nearly up to our standard. Choose subjects which have not been overdone, and write us again. Puzzles, to be acceptable must be short and terse.

"Wilful Prayers," &c.—The ideas in this poem are common-place, but the story has the merit of being told distinctly and simply. "For-saken" is an old and very sad experience :—

I was so happy ! Oh, I never dreamed
 That change could come ! and he not what he seemed.

BASIL.—A first-rate article. We are much obliged by your offer.

"Yule Song," by E. J. K.—We should have been glad of your song had we published a Christmas number; but we thiuk you will agree with us that there is enough about our brave British voyagers in the present issue. As soon as possible we intend noticing your book.

"The Poet's Dream," &c., by J. T.—Good, but not containing any very striking thoughts to feed our hungry readers. We wish all our correspondents had had the advantage of your writing master.

"A Mother's Love," &c., by H. K.—Pretty little poems, containing considerable fancy, but the fancy is old. We do not agree with the sentiments expressed in "Lost." *Nil desperandum* is our motto. Let it be yours, especially with regard to venturing poems into the hands of the ogre who guards the portals of the "Poets' Magazine."

RUPERT.—You have chosen an uufortunate theme. The lines flow smoothly, however, and the rhyme is good.

J. N.—Quite unsuitable to our pages. We answer as early as possible.

"An Autumn Eve," by E. N.—Continue to read as much as possible. The verses submitted show a considerable improvement upon your former efforts.

Can any of our readers inform us who was the author of an anonymous song which appeared in *Frazer's Magazine* last year, entitled—

Oh ! oh ! the Miseltoe !

ACCEPTED WITH THANKS.—"Foes;" "A Strange Story," R. G.; "To Rose;" "Shadows;" "Not yet," T. G.; "A Song," M. R.; "My Wife;" "A Serenade," G. M. J.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—"Our Home," W. A.; "The fairies bower;" "Perished;" "A Dream," B. S.; "Bannockburn;" "Strayed," O. M.; "Pope," F. N.; "Thine and mine;" "Forgotten;"

"Lost and won;" "Parted," H. A.; "My Garden;" "Song," N. N.;
"False but fair;" "In Memoriam," B. M.; "A lover's wishes;"
"Three hundred years ago;" "An April day," S. F.; "Victoria,"
C. M.; "The Mill;" "When I was young;" "Poetry as an art;"
"Mine," D. D.; "Old England;" "Sonnet," F. F.; "Dead;" "The
River," M. B.; "Song," E. F.

NOTICE.

Our Subscribers will be glad to hear that we have made arrangements with George Barnett Smith, Townshend Mayer, S. Phillips Day, Guy Roslyn, Wm. Laird Clowes, Frances Bernard Ansell, T. H. Gibson, H. Thirkeld White, Rev. Wm. Holmes, Rev. F. Phillott, Rev. Maurice Davies, Capt. Crawley, Agnes Stonehewer, Cyril Mullett, Alfred Thompson, Lansdowne Cottell R.A.M., F. Young, E. A. Morton, Percy Russell, J. Hutchings, W. A. Law, A. E. Gillingham, A. England, J. Keith Angus, T. H. North, Dermot Heath, J. Douglas, M.A., G. Gibson, and other eminent writers to supply Poems, and articles on Poets past and present, the art of word music, and other subjects connected with the object of our Magazine.

TO OUR READERS.

While the proprietors will be happy to receive contributions from unknown writers, they are—to prevent the Magazine sinking to the level of an amateur publication—making arrangements with various authors of note, who will, from time to time, furnish poems, and articles on poets and poetry. In a word, the main feature of THE POETS' MAGAZINE will be to invite all who possess literary talent to contribute to its pages.

Original contributions only are acceptable.

Each contribution must bear on the first page the sender's name and address.

Rejected MSS. cannot be returned unless post paid. Authors should keep copies of short poems.

Should a reply by letter be required, a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

Prizes of one and two Guineas will be given for the two best *Stories in Verse* of about two hundred lines in each, the same sums for the two best *Articles on Poets or Poetry*, and half the same for the two best *Songs or Sonnets*.

A Special Prize of Three Guineas is offered for the best Poem on any Biblical subject from one to two hundred lines, and for the best Essay on the Poetry of the Bible. Manuscripts to be sent by January, 1877.

Authors and Correspondents are requested to apply by letter only, addressed to the Editor of THE POETS' MAGAZINE, 21, Paternoster Row, London.

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